News of the playwrights and of their work is ways and easily available in these days. Not many years ago the dramatist was all but nored in the chronicles of stage affairs, but now his importance as a leading factor in heatricals is not to be denied, and to the publio he is often as interesting food for gossip as are the players themselves. Gillette, cleverest of all modern adapters, is, unfortunately, again in bad health. He had counted upon returning from France to witness the first performance of his play from Bisson. Settled Out of Court, but that hope is not to be fulfilled, and it is rather delicitly added that "there's no telling when he will return to America." Here is a case in which riches brought to their possessor no great amount of enjoyment, in the old days, when Gillette was an actor and took his chances from wesk to week, his health was elemented the was worth living. During the past them of the was worth living. During the past them of the was worth living. During the past them of the was worth living. The first has been declining. Its december of the was the

It is to be a busy August at the city theatres. so that July's exceptional dulness will be atoned for. The new month will be important. too, as developing half a dozen new things of native and foreign workmanship, and launching several well-considered ventures which have long been in careful preparation. The Fifth Avenue sharts its fall term next week with the Charles Frohman comedians in a trand-new blay. "Sottled Out of Court," which W. H. Gillette has made into English out of a Bisson comedy. Washington folks will have the first chance to pass a vertice on this work, and it should come to town in smooth-running shape. The cast employs Joseph Holland, whose text is about as long as Hanlet's; M. A. Keenedy, Georgie Drew Barrymore, Agnes Miller (her first work as a member of Frohman's forces). Evelyn Campbell, T. C. Valentine, J. M. Humphries, Charles S. Abbe, William Faversham, Minnie Tittell, and others. That's an imposing assemblage of good actors, and the Gliette-Bisson plees cannot fall for lack of skilful interpretation. The 15th of August will open the doors of several theatres. The Fourteeath Street will have "The White Squadron," a spectacular-marine melodrama by J. W. Harkins, with a cast comprising such players as Hilliard, Henry Lee, Oacar Eagle, Elmec E. Grandin. William Harcourt, Alice Pischer, Mrs. Louise Eldridge, Lizzie Rechele, and Earle Atkinson. This is to be an elaborate New York introduction of a sensational play which guite startled the circuits last season. The Lycsum's proliminary season will open on the 15th with Edward Sothern in Miss Merringtons. Lettarblair, which will then have its first regular production in town since its successful matines as the season. The Lycsum's proliminary season will open on the 15th with Edward Sothern in Miss Merringtons. Lettarblair, which will then have its first regular production in town since its successful matines being the well as the same night with "The House on the Marsh." Proctor's will resume on the 29th which J. W. Summers and Gracle Emmett will be the stars. Hammerstein's Columbus will open on the same night with "The House on the Marsh." Proctor's will resume on the 29th with Maniell in a new English melodrama. "The native and foreign workmanship, and launching several well-considered ventures which

| Saratoga is to have its "As You Like It" in the open air, so as not to fall behind the summer fashion. On Aug. 13 there will be an elaborate performance of the charming comedy on the Grand Union's lawn. Henry Le and John M. Hickey are jointly responsible for this affair. The cast will include Rose Coghlap, whose Rosalind will surely delight her auditors; Maurice Barrymore, who does not often enough get into Orlando's picturesque togs; McKee Rankin, who will no doubt be cast for Jaques; Edmund D. Lyons, Wrestler Muldoon, and others. In an open air performance of the same play at the Biggles place, Bedford road. Westchester county, yesturday afternoon, for a Jocal charity, Fleanor Merron was the Rosalind, John T. Malone Orlando, Louisa Mitchell Cetia, Madge Carr Audrey, Archie Cowper Jaques, P. T. Backus Touchstone, and J. Edwin Brown Adam, Still another outdoor representation of this play was recently successful at the country seat of Henry Ashury, Oak Lane, Pa. Zeffle Tilbury was Rosalind; her mother, Lydia Thompson, was Audrey; her husband, Arthur Lewis, Orlando, and Frank it Bangs was the Jaques. Two kinghts of the French Legion of Honor, recently nominated on the occasion of the pational fets were Pablo de Sarassate, the violinist, and Emile Rochard, director of the Porte St. Martin Theatre. Barassate was once a pupil at the Conservatoire. M. Rochard obtained his distinction on account of his gallant conduct as a volunteer at the battle of Coulmiers, in 1870, when he was severely wounded. He was only 19 at the time, and he won a Lieutenancy immediately afterward. He is now retired from active service, and is a Lieutenant in the army of reserve. It is probable into me. Marcelia Bembrich, an admirable into me. Marcelia Bembrich, an admirable internation of a couple of months toward the end and John M. Hickey are jointly responsible

of the year. M. Berirand has offered the cantarice an engagement on excellent terms. A recent appointment by President Harrison was reminiscently interesting to a great many theatrical people. Adam Everly, who was named as Consul in Birmingham Engisad, was at the time of his selection a Philadelphia real estate agent, but he was better known as one of the directors of the Forfest Home, and he has not been forgotten as an actor. Just about a quarter of a century ago he made his debut at the Arch Street Thantre, Philadelphia, Playing Joseph Sunface, in The School for Scandal, to the Lady Trate of Mrs. John Drew. Since 1872 Everty has been in John Drew. Since 1872 Everty has been to Jules Sandow, the strong man, for a tour of America, and that he will arrive next month. This will be the Simon-pure Sandow, not the bogus one, who craftily added a final "e" To his name, and then was palmed off in Bowery and other vaudevilless as the original and wonderful strong man. The masquerader was imbscular enough, and he was an apt parformer, but the real Hercules is as far in advance of his imitator as can be imagined. No doubt Abbey will have to pay Sandow ligger wages than if he were a great actor. The European specialty and novelty acts have never been higher priced than they are foday. With the wonderful schaefers and the amazing. Sandow in his clutches. Abbey seems to have a tolerably safe strip on the best things in Europe. Sol Smith Hussel's vacation hasn't been very long, and it will end this week, for in Denveron Aug. She will start o

"Miss Helyett's" long period of travel ended last night in Chicago, where it had held public favor for many weeks, in the face of lively competition and trying weather. The tour seems to have pretty thoroughly established Louise Leslie-Carter's right to a good place Louise Lessie-Carter's right to final weeks of the Chicago engagement two concessions were made to the linsulate demand for variety. A consultant dance was introduced by Mollie among the stars. During the final weeks of the Chicago engagement two concessions were made to the insatiate demand for variety. A serpentine dance was introduced by Mollie Fuller (Mrs. Fred Hallen), and La Regalencita was placed in the cast to do her quaint specialty. There was an unexpected interference with the child, however, on Sunday night, Representatives of the Humane Society, necempanied by a physician, visited the theatre, and, after witnessing La Regalonetta's dance, declared that she must be withdrawn. She bowed to the mandate, and did not appear thereafter. The Humane Society answers to Mr. Gerry's society in this city, and the Chicago action was in accordance with Mr. Gerry's preannounced plan of preventing the child from performing anywhere. Recent marriages between players include as contracting parties. Charles Crollus, the comedian, and Addie St. Ero, a singing and dancing soubrette, who were wedded in this city, and Charles Noel Douglass, ex-opera singer, and Grace Zublin, soubrette, who were united in Bozeman. Mont. Miss Zublin is one of the Zublin sisters, who were pretty and vivacious figures in "A High Roller." Carrle Livingstone, a capable actress. once in the support of Gus Williams, was married not long ago to a wealthy book publisher of Geneva. Switzeriand. This probably means Miss Livingstone's retirement from the stage. She has already sailed for Europe. It was a mistaken cable despatch that engaged Kyrle Beilew to the Lyceum. Daniel Frohman says there has been no thought of such a thing. He has added C. P. Flockton and H. W. Harbury to the company, and will have J. E. Dodson a year hence. Herr Trewey, that incomparably graceful "fantaslast"—as the vandewillers like to call him—is coming hack to America. He captured us completely when he was first here with Herrmann's international tomiques, and he carried home to Europe a spiendid bank account and a good many effers of return engagements: but he disdained the latter for several seasons, and it has taken what they call "big money" t this clover German has never been excelled on any stage. Carmencita confessed to 23 summers the other day. She is with a small opera company in the South, and her birthday was celebrated with presents galore and champagne in great quantity. The Spanish dancer's most ardent admirer has hitherto never necused her of being less than 27. Florine Malcolm, a young American girl, pretty and accomplished, has gone to London to play a leading part in limer Kiraify's "Vennee" spectacle at the Olympia Garden. Alma Stuart Stanley, the statuesque English natices who was for a time in the old Wallack stock, and more recently has been an impressive figure in the English music bails, is about to leave the vaudevilles—for a while, at any rate—in order to play on tour a principal role in "Pat," a musical comedy by George Robeits and Harry Monkhouse. Beston is delighted with an innovation for hot weather audiences—the free distribution of lee cream. Pauline Hall, is singing "Turitania" in that city, and her manager, teorge Melolian, was wise enough to make a contract with an lee cream factory by which all the female auditors get treated to the cooling compound. But this can't be credited as a Boston conception It was evolved in this town, and was first put into refreshing practice four or five summers ago by Richard Mansfield at the Madison Square. Mansfield's method, however, differed from the Boston way. In the Hub the ladies who feel like eating an ice go into the lobby between the acts, where they can chat while they are served, and the result is a harmonious and altogether picasing social gathering, very much resembling the important part of an ice gream "feetival." such as obtains down fast. Miss Hall, by the way, has been very successful since "Puritania" was added to her reportory, and one is justified in wondering why she has recently found it

her repertory, and one is justified in wondering why she has recently found it her repertory, and one is justified in wondering why she has recently found it necessary to place a small mortgage on her pretty house in West Seventy-first street. The loan was recorded only a few days ago. Boston's weather has not been far behind our own, but Miss Hall has kept at work unfilteringly. Late at night, after the curtain has failen for the last time, she makes a hasty change, and before midnight she is on an Old Colony train, and is whirled away at express speed to North Cohassett. There she takes a team to her hotel at Nantasket Beach. It is a long and trying trip, but the sea oreezes repay her for the effort. She is among the noon bathers, and before the afternoon duiness has settled upon the hotel she is on her way back to town by boat. These who see her for the first time observe with pained surprise that her lair is cut very short. Comedian Hugh Fay isn't dead, He and his bride are doing England and Ireland. The rumor that Fay had died on the voyage may have been "a Hialto joke," It is now hinted, but even pothouse humor has seldom been so coarse as this "joke."

Actors are still coming from and going to

Actors are still coming from and going to Europe. Goodwin, Sothern, Rateliffe, McIntosh and Kyle returned from their jaunt last week. Barnabee. the droil comedian of the Bestonians salled away on the sameday. Paul Arthur and Katharino Groy Mrs. Arthur of the Paul's and Katharino Groy Mrs. Arthur of the Paul's and Katharino Groy Mrs. Arthur of the Paul's and Will denart in a fortight for a late next month. Manager Mart Hainley quiety alate next month. Manager Mart Hainley quiety as a late next month. Manager Mart Hainley quiety took steamer several days ago. The plants of all these wergares were long ago ecticled as the work of the produce at one house of the Grant of the Paul's and the Paul's an week. Barnabee, the droll comedian of the Bostonians, sailed away on the same day. Paul Arthur and Katharine Grey (Mrs. Arthur) of

the veteran Harkins, Andrews, Grimth, Mrs. Brutone, and Beatrice Cameron are familiar names in the Mansfield roster. Seabrooke, who is Elvia Crox on the playbills, have been in the mountains for few days, but this week they return for rehetersals of "The Isle of Champagne," the second season of which will follow quickly upon the first, since it opens in Boston on Aug. 15. Joaquin Miller's daughter, Maud, who once gave promise of achieving uncommon distinction on the stage, has been content of late seasons to accept minor engagements in which the pecuniary reward was certain. "Salary low but sure" is an old catch phrase in theatricals, and it has attracted Miss Miller as well as many another good player. The poet's daughter, after her divorce from young Mackaye, became the wife of Loudon McCormack, a well-known impersonator of heavy villains. They have since starred together at various times in the West, but as a general rule they have not been suitened to the season of the profitable sensation plays of the bast few seasons. Its togravill begin next week in Cleveland. Rose Coghlan will not have kerbrother Charles's support all this season, it appears. After her engagement at the Star, he will withdraw from her company and travel on his own account; using "Lady Barter," Lytton's archuic Money, and several old comedies. Miss Coghlan, meanwhile, will travel on to California under a special contract for a four months' tour over Allayman's extensive circuit. John T. Sullivan will reaume the leading place in her support after Charles Coghlan's withdrawal. The latter has never before starred in this country. As a leading man he has become famous, and once he drew \$750 a week from a managor who believed he was worth the money.

The town's quartet of continued shows have passed through a week which will long be remembered by players and playgoers, as well as weather sharps. All the indoor performers suffered intensely, and there were several as weather sharps. All the indoor performers suffered intensely, and there were several cases of prostration. The audiences were not large, yet thore was not in any case a visible loss of energy in the work of the actors. The amazing run of "A Trip to Chinatown" continues at Hoyt's Madison Square, with every sign that cool weather will give the folly ploce a new lease of life. Last week the cast was slightly altered. Patrice, the sprightly soubrette who plays Firt, the French maid, with so much nervous vim, succumbed to the heat, and Queenie Vassar hastily took her place, while Lillian Swaine, a newcomer, was Miss Vassar's substitute as Willie Grow. A 300th performance of the "Trip" is due on Aug. 20. Of course it will call forth a souvenir. "Sinbad's" managers have heroically resolved that the showy buriesque shall stay on the Garden's stage six or eight weeks longer. The winter carnival ballet, amid bushels of paper snow and property, is an effective refreshment through the channels of the imagination. Louise Montague's swim from the bottom of the sea suggests the cooling surf, and Ada Dare's delightfully vigorous efforts to blow warmth into her frost-ulpped toes are as good for the sensitive fance; just how as the sait breezes of Nantasket. The changes introduced last week for the "second edition" are all for the better. Jennie Villers's song. "I Want to be Somebody's Baby," was well received. John D. Gilbert made a fair hit with his new topical ditty, "Because Ha Was Old." Standard Readway's "Bottom of the Sea" goes better than his previous parody. Other changes and new things will be made in "Sinbad" from time to time. At Palmer's "The Mascott" revival has met with enough favor to encourage its proprietor's hope that no other onera will be needed for a month to come. Dixev's Lorento gains steadily in drollery and grotesqueness, and Miss D'Arville's House in "The Mascot." The rôle is not an important one, and it is difficult to imagine will be meaning and the bring forth the new piece. "Adonis it." Alce Har cases of prostration. The audiences were not

These are the days and the nights when heated humanity turns with gratitude to the beaches, the roof gardens, and the rocky heights. On the Jersey Palisades "Eldoheights. On the Jersey Palisades "Eldorado's" splendid quadruple show retains its place in the front rank of seasonable and sightly diversions. The band concert, the little circus, the fleworks, and the beautiful Egypt' spectacle would make a cheap entectainment at double the prevailing price. All through last week Manhattan's crowds broke two or three records, and Gilmore's men never playadto more grateful audiences. There will be a new programme to-night, and another for the week days, while Brock will show more wonderful things in the magic of pyrotechnics. At West Brighton the exhibit of Pain's lireworks is an occasion of joy to big gatherings five nights in the week. Only on sundays and Mondaysare these displays omitted. The spectacle of "The Carnival of Venice" is a fine adjunct to the Pain show. The pair of roof gardens are high in favor with amusement seekers who cannot leave town. The Casino's picturesque top has nightly held more than could be comfortably accommodated. There seems to be no need of a new bill, and Lizzle Perious Daly, Stainville, Regis Senac and son, Mabel Stophenson, the Girards, and the Hungarian orchestra are retained. Emiss and Burns, who do a really elever musical act, have made quite a hit, and are engaged for a month longer. Binns is an old orchestra leader, and Miss Burns is a pretty girl. The pair have long been popular in the Howery varieties, and now Broadway has endorsed the east-side verdict, as it generally does in vaudeville matters. Damrosch's orchestra have a new programme for the Madison Square Garden roof and the amphitheatre this week. The range of composers is from Wagner and Mozart to Strauss and Gounod. The Tipaldi mandelinists give way to-morrow to Bernstein's orchestra. Minnie Renwood will do her new Greefan dance, which was promised for inst week, and Martin Julian, sho has been lit, will rejoin his sister. Rose, in feats of contortion. The directors of the Garden have wisely decided to considerably extend the roof facilities before next summer. rado's" splendid quadruple show retains its

Changes in the ownership and plans of upper Broadway theatres last week were important enough to be of interest beyond the portant enough to be of interest beyond the offices of the managers. The sale by Frank W. Sanger of his quarter of the Broadway to Elliott Zborowski, who already owned half, and who resold a part of the Sanger stock to T. Henry French, places Mr. Zborowski in control. Mr. French will be the manager, however, and he will place the Lillian Russell Opera Company and others of his enterprises there. This makes him manager of three theatres, and season after next he will have the big new house which he and Mr. Zborowski are to build in Eighth avenue. He has a French melodrama, "The Land of Gold," which he will produce at one house or the other. It is thought that he will give up the Garden Theatre at the expiration of the loase, and it is a certainty that the Grand Opera House will passe out of his hands. Jay Gould owns this theatre, and it was decided on Friday that Goorge Gould should manage it after Mr. French's departure. There will be a factorum in the office, but young Mr. Gould will be the actual as well as ostensible director. The Grand has long been the most profitable house in town devoted to weekly visits of travelling companies. Mr. Sanger remains in proprietorship of theatre property in Broadway, howover, for he is an equal owner with Al Hayman in the Empire, to the building of which he and Mr. Hayman will devote their energies, confident of having it ready for Charles Frohman in December, according to promise. Manager Frohman has leased the Empire for ten years, and his stock company will decleate it with a play written for that purpose by two dramatists in collaboration. He does not yet disclose the nature of the work further than to say that it is aitogether American in theme, seenes, characters, and authorship. After the term of this piece his principal comedy company will be brought to the new house. He will divide the time at the Empire, the one which is to appear in "Nettled Out of Court" next week at the Fifth Avenue. Although Mr. Sanger goes out of the Broadway management, his hands remain full offices of the managers. The sale by Frank W. Sanger of his quarter of the Broadway to

POEMS WORTH READING. The Portrate.

How like a pixeld morning is this face. Be full of heat bruiness and roay light, The eyes filled full of tenderness, and bright With an expression showing inward grace.
Yet closer look, and see that line on line
Hath Time engraved upon this constenance of trial and struggle, which may e'en enhance

Of this and supply the state of the same of the beauty of these lovely forms divine.
The morning landsespe in the sunshine dress,
Once past the fearful storm which shook the earth,
Looks calmy now after its rain-washed birth, In all the glory of its beauty bleat;
And, though about are many marks which tell
Of the storm's doings, yet is it not well? EDWARD & CREAMER.

The beautiful summer is almost done, Though long it seemed when the noontide sun Of jubilant June streamed clear and high Through the vast expanse of the soft blue sky. The fair fields smiled in their vivid green, The rivulet sparkled and danced between Its emerald edges, with merry song: And I said: wh, the summer is blitbe and lengt

The beautiful summer is almost gone. The seemed not so when July came on;
When the sun, with a heighteened spiendor shone,
When the rivulet hummed in a drowsy tone,
When blade and bud fast waxed complete
Neath the brilliant beams and the fostering heat; When the grain fields teemed with a mighty throng. And I said: Oh, the summer is bright and long:

The beautiful aummer is almost o'er, The rivulet sleeps, and it stage no more; The heart of the universe pulses strong Through the hidden arteries vast and long. The ripened seeds in their cells expand,
The golden grain waits the harvest hand,
'Neath the glowing gleams of the August sun; And I sight Oh, the summer is simust done!

Summers of life, how ye come and go!
But whence or whither, what sout may know?
For ye flee away, as the shadows pass IAke a silent wave o'er the growing grass. Ye burn in the vigor of manhood's prime. Ye burn with an energy sublime ; But ye wane, and ye darken, your warmth is gone. And the winter, the winter comes surely on

O, radiant source whence existence came!
Withdraw not thy lustre of loving light,
Lest I shudder and perish in chill and night! Let my spirit within thins effulgence float, Upborns aloft to thy spheres remote; Let it poise and soar through realms of day, Unshadowed, unsbrinking, away, away; Manon Hicks-Hannon.

O. gierious centre of living flame !

[The Last Form She Wrote.]

From the Independent.

My sweetheart! my loveling! you darkened all the When from my silent dwelling your footsteps turned way;
The mway;
The morn was dark as midnight, the mounday and as days. slawn.

The milk-white daisles drooped their heads along the dawy lawn.

My durling i my dearest; I sought the garden round.
Hit never in a blossom your precious face I found.
No rose was red beside your lips, no lily like rour
throat.
No sound or thrilling of your voice in any thrush's
note.

Ah! what is like your eyes, dear! gray sparkles of So clear and crystal shining their heryl giances be; And where is any flower of all that may compare With the softly dancing gitter of the smahlne in your hair.

Alone through lingering daytime I listen for your feet Those springing steps no longer along the path way beat I liear the dewdrops rustle in the branches overhead, But home and you together for many a day have ited. My life is sad and weary, too dark with want and usin, list your dear eyes would bring its light and gladness hack again.

My soul is tired of desert sands, bereft of obeer and

For you were like the diamond spring beneath its lonely pain.

Come light this night of grief and gloom, my Hesper shifting clear; Not long have 1 to linger, not long to call or cry; Come have, my treasure; come, my heart, and bless me c'ar I die; ROSE TERRY COOKE.

A Disobedient Husband.

From the Clock Review.

He pounded on the carpet till his back was almost broke; He hung up window curtains till it ceased to be a joke; He wrestled with the kitchen stove till he was black and blue: He mended all her broken chairs, and sat down in the give; He put her chromes up and tied his arms into a knot, and prayed to be beneath it when he dug her old grass plot.

He labored on the wood-pile tree, his back refused the

He posits on the woodspite tree, his back retused the test;
He polished up the silver till his spirit longed to reat;
He ran her shopping errands raising blisters on his feet;
He tugged home tons of samples with a meekness hard to beat.
But won his asked him to select a Mother-Hubbard gown.

He crawled away one evening and he quietly skipped
the town:

The Glory of Chienge.

From the Chicago News-Record.

Pro travelled in heaps of countries and studied all deemed so smart.
And I'm free to say that the grand results of explora-That somehow paint gots redder the further out West

I've sipped the voluptuous sherbet that the Orientals and I've felt the glow of Red Bordeaux tingling each separate nerve:

I've animpled your classic Massic under an arbor greek.

And I've reeked with song a whole night long over a brown potent.

brown poteen.

The stawart brow of the land o' cakes, the schnapps of the frougal Dutch.

The much-praised wine of the distant Rhine, the beer praised overnuch.

The ale of dear old London and the port of Southern

All, ad indu, have I taken in a hundred thousand times. Yes, as I aforementioned, these other charms are

naught
Compared with the paramount gorgeousness with
which the West is fraught;
For art and nature are just the same in the land
where the polker grows.
And the paint keeps getting redder the further out
West one goes. West one goes.

Our savants have never discovered the reason why this is so,
And 10 per cent of the laymen care less than the savants know;
It answers every purpose that this is manifest;
The paint keeps getting redder the further you go out west.

Give me no home 'neath the pale pink dome of Euro-pean skies. pean skies.

No cottor me by the salmon sea that far to the southward lies:

But away out West I would build my nest on top of a

Where I can paint, without restraint, creation redder

The Curlew Mountains.

From the Boston Pilot.
[Translated from the Iris's by An Chraciblin Acidhinn.] The Curiew Mountains are fine in winter.
They are not embedded in ice or snow;
The cuckon calls from the green wood's centre,
The thrush and the corneraks sing below. The hounds are hunting, the rocks resounding.
They follow the fawn that files before;
The torrent comes down from the mountain bound
Salmon are leaping beside the shore. I think of my mountain late and early.
Where blussome are golden and glad and gay;
Where the wheat springs high and the yellow barley,
And birds are piping on every spray.

The tips of the rushes are heavy with honey, There's butter and cream from the stiken kine; No Northern snow on its slopes so sunny Will trouble its coasts or its harbors line. Where the bee has his home and is wisely working, And women eat honey from day to day; int deep in my bosom a care is turking, The love of my heart is far away.

Your fair, thin forehead, the wide world's wonder. Your treeses that hang in a golden sheaf, Have forn the strings of my heart asunder, And covered my head with a cloud of grisf. I am as a man that is even dying For lace of the jewel his even would see. On! will you not visit me where I am lying, And take Ged's blessing and comfort me?

The Ships of Melton.

Prope the A Linia Constitution.

How said the ships to Melton.
That lied War and fair.
And dream-like in the haven
Where akles are calm and clear?
With blown-sails learning whitely.
Sure-winged heath storm or star:
They straightly stear for still they hear
The love-bells o'er the bar.

The love-beils o'er the bar.

How said the stips to Melton.

Within wione cots of whits
Love decants of love and literar

For footsiens in the might!
Like guils, their riad way w nging.

They speed from lands afar.

For said they hear, in music dear,

The love-beils o'er the bar. How sait the ships to Molton f Love blown across the foam; For still the sea sings ever The songs of love and home; Nor spery sizes with spiratid smiles Can win their sails afar, While softly swells that chime of bells. The love bells o'er the bar.

O, ships that sail to Nelton.
With Captains giad and grant;
The stars that light the ocean
Ars the stars that light the land;
But say for me, adrif, at aca On lonely wrecks afar: My heart still hears, and dreaming nears The love-bells up the bar:

PRANK L. STANS

QUESTIONS BY SUN READERS

A friend who says he decen't want his name mon-tioned, but is a "Newsboy of "Sixty-two." says he saw the rebei battle dag carried up Broadway, as sur-gested last bunday by "Coustant Render." The flag was much battered; on the staff was a large time coiler, with extended wings and throat, evidently crowing.
It is this old newsboy's belief that the fing had be longed to the Louisiana Tigers, but he does not know the name of the regiment by which it was carried. Austractified says that the regiment which excepted the body of Col. Elisworth up Broadway carried a Con-federate flag, which was trailed in the dust as the procossion moved along. An insurance man seems to think that we disapproved of the "standard per-centage co-dissurance clause;" we did not do sa how-ever. He says that it operates only in cases of partial oss, or of loss greater than the amount insured,

loss, or of loss greater than the amount insured.

"If the property were totally destroyed and the owner only carried \$500 insurance on a value of \$1,000, he would, of course, stand the loss in excess of the loss rance carried, and so he would be a co-mayore in fact, if not so called. The co-mayorance clause simply requires a man to carry a fair amount of inefrance on the property covered by the policy, or pro fata with insuring company in the payment of partial losses, just as he must pro tate if short insured in the payment of total losses. This co-insurance feature is not new, and has been and is to-day the basis of all martius insurance contracts, in which line of business it is well understood and admitted by incredants and ship owners to be eminently fair. Experience has taught us that the fire patrot, which we the insuring companies) organized and support, does much to reduce the loss by fire, smoke, and water, and we, of course, expect to benefit, to some extent, at least, by this organized and sho, and that the merchants have learned the value also, and that they rely chants have learned its value also, and that they rely

losing business."

Cardinal Gibbons, in his book, "The Patth of Our Fathers," says that the Church of England (known here as the Protestant Episcopal Church) was first started at the time of Henry Villa, and has no Apesiolic succession. Litted, in his book, "Reasons for fising a churchman," says that the Church of England is as old as the Church of Rome, and has equal claims o the Apostolic succession, who is right! Disturant.

Each is right, according to the teachings of his Church. While the Church of England was not separated from the Church of Romanut! the time of Henry atted from the Church of Romanut! the time of Henry rated from the Church of Rome until the time of Henry VIII., it is an historical fact that the Uhristian Church in England was never closely united to the Church of Rome, and that the attempts of the Popes to assume jurisdiction over the insular Church met with protests and rebellion. As far back as 220 A. D. there were Christians in Britain, and St. Alban, the first British martyr, was executed by Diocletian. Three British Bishops attended the council at Arles, A. D. 314.
Wales and Cornwall remained Christian during the
Saxon conquest, The ancient British Christian Church,
bowever, was practically extluct, when in 50% Augustine came to Britain as an apostic of Rome, and then the Roman influence began to show itself in the British Church; but Papal bulls were disregarded and appeals Church; but Papal bulls were disregarded and appeals to the Pope refused, until the Conquest. The Synod of Cloveshoe, 747, asserted the complete inacpenience of the British Caurch; in 959 the dectrine of that Church as to the Eucharist was completely opposed to that of the Roman Church. The highest point of supremacy attained by the Pope was when King John surrendered his kingdom to him and received it back, to be held of the Pope on an annual rent. The famous statute of Proviners, enacted in react the interference of Pressors, enacted in England in 1350, and the more famous statute of Pressuries, enacted in 1380 and again in 1333, re-stricted the interference of the Pope in England. Still, when Henry VIII, became King, the English Church was closely affiliated with the Roman Church, and did not separate from it until Henry found that he could not swing the Pope as he wished. Even then Henry ild not found a Protestant Church, he simply broke with the Pope and acted as his own pope, so to speak. As to the Apostolic succession: that of the Church of Rome of course is incontestable; the Anglicans claim that they too only the succession through Matthew Parker. Archbishop of Canterbury from 1559 to 1575, who was consecrated in Lambeth Chapel by William Barlow, Bishop of Chichester, who had been consecrated by ranmer, John Scory, Bishop of Exeter, Miles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter, and John Hodgkin, Bishop of Bedford. Barlow alone could have ensured the suc-

Kindly explain the cause of Roscoe Conkling's resignation from the Senate, and the difference between the Stalwart and Haif bleed factions of the Republican party at that time.

J. A. S.
Mr. Conkling's letter of resignation, dated May 14. accept the advice of the New York State Senators in the matter of filling the Federal offices of the State, had the matter of filling the Federal offices of the State, had brought before him the question "whether we shall surrender the plain right and sworn duty of Fenators by consenting to what we believed to be vicious and hurtful, or be assigned a position of disloyality to the Administration which we had helped bring in and the success of which we earnestly wished for." The Stalwarts were Conklingites, the Half Breeds Carrieldites. The name Stalwart was bestowed in 1880 on those Republicans who wanted Grant renominated, who were thorough Republicans; the name Half Breeds was given to those who opposed Grant, who were declared to be only half Republicans.

1. Which is the best English translation of the Odyssey of Homer? Mesers, Houghton, Midlin & Co. publish one by Frof. George II. Failure of Harvard University. Is this on a par with other translations? 2. Which do you consider the most authentic History of threes written?

E. B.

are inclined to think that much of its charm lies in hearing Mr. Paimer himself read it aloud, though we admit we haven't read the translation to ourselves. Bryant's translation into English blank verse is conaidered in this country to be about the beat; the English look upon Lord Derby's translation as the best. 2. We think Grote's history is still looked upon

Is there such a word as vise or vised used in connection with passports and other papers when officials affect their signatures; I. W. B. There is, but not quite as you spell it. The original word is French, vise, from vise, which is from the Latin ries, meaning seen. To vise a paper-generally a passport—is for an official in a country to ailly his signa-ture to it to show that it is correct, and if the paper is a passport, that the holder is entitled to proceed. The word has been anglicized into vice, the affixing of the signature, and the affixed signature, and to rise, riseast, ri

How do the mills of the gods grind? In other words, what is the correct quotation?

"Though the mills of god grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exact-

ness He grinds sil."
That is Friedrich von Logau's rendering. George Herbert's version, which is older, is: "God's mills grind slow, but sure." Both of these are imitations of the Greek Sybillino oracles, which Plutarch quotes, Lo-gau's first line gives the usual version correctly.

1. How many shots a minute can be fired from the Maxim gon? Are they ared individually? 2. What number of revolutions can be made by a wheel in one minute? A. G. 1. Six hundred shots a minute have been fired by the Maxim gun. The shots are fired sudividually from a single barrel. 2. The number of revolutions depends on the kind of wheel. The six-foot driving wheel of a

on the kind of wheel. The ax-foot driving wheel of a locomotive running a mile a minute revolves nearly 800 times a minute, and polishing wheels are made to revolve nearly or quite 1,500 times a minute. I would like you to give me the date and year of the death of the following persons: Prof. E. Booth of Washington (Builton Treasury), Gen. De Barrivin of Spain, Garibandi of Italy, Admiral Farragut. M. R. Farragut died Aug. 14, 1870; Garibaidi, Jane 2, 1882. We don't identify "Prof. E. Booth of Washington (Bullion Treasury);" but James Curius Booth, formerly professor in the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia and

professor in the Franklin Justitute of Philadelphia, and from 1840 to 1888 refiner at the Philadelphia Mint, died March 21, 1888, hearly 78 years old. Barrivin we do not place at ail.

1. Is Jules Simon, the French statesman, a Jow? 2. How many of the professors at Vale, Princeton, and Harvard are Jews? S. F. Harvard are Jews?

1. M. Simon is not a Jew. He is the son of a peasant named Suisse, but, his father being known as Simon, and Jules himself bearing that as one of his baptismal names, be assumed it as his surname. 2. Harvard has two Jewish instructors, we think; we do not know that Yale and Princeton have any Jews

in their faculties: Columbia has more than any non Jewish college, we think. 1. What is a Creole? 2. How can I get a scholar-ship at Cornell? John Sarra. ship at Cornell? Jones Sarm.

1. Properly speaking, a Creole is any person born in this country of foreign parents. But as the word comes from the Spanish and French, and was first need in Louisiana, its meaning has been restricted so that it is applied now only to Louisianians of French or Spauleh descent. The word comes from the Spanish criollo, from the verb crier, to beget, to create. 2. Ap-ply for information to the Secretary of the college.

1. Does the insect known as the Ginez lectularies ever die a matural death? 2. Why do New Jersey mosquitoes ower bite natives or permanent residents of that state?

Here are two important and interesting questions in rat death. 2, God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; in other words, as thy mosquitoes, so shall thy skin be; and the mosquitoes know it.

Would you kindly inform me the weight of the largest hog dressed by unit, and oblige F. L. D. But we don't know the weight of the largest hog dressed by mail. We've bear in lightning taking the glothes off a person, and perhaps Edison may devise a way of dressing a person by electricity; but if the Post Office Department can dress a bog by mail, it must be one of Wanamaker's new schemes.

Was a two-thirds vote ever necessary at a Republican Convention to scenar a nomination r. M. W. No. The two-thirds rule in Democratic Conventions was adopted in 1844 at the instance of Judge Saunders of South Carelina, to prevent the nomination of Van Buren. It is said that the Southern slaveholders obTHE RIG FIGHT AT SIMPSON'S.

Catamount Whips Five Dogs, but Spe-SIMPSON CREEK, N. C., July 18. - There was a big time on the Creek yesterday. Everybody in the settlements of Black Fork, Nigger Bend, Turkey Fork, Wolf Ridge, and all of the little settlements at the foot of Old Nautehola Mountain was at the Creek to witness the big entamount and dog fight.

The catamount had been trapped several weeks before in Smoky Mountain by Pole Deliwin and young Jack Fell, and he was the biggest, ugliest, and flercest "varmint" that had been trapped in ten years. The cat weighed nearly 50 pounds, and that he would put up a big battle every experienced hunter knew. There were plenty of fighting dogs in that section. Their pedigrees would have puzzled the brightest dog fanciers, but there was lots of good, square fighting among them. as past experiences had evidenced.

A big pen had been built, about eighty feet square, at one and of which stood the big wooden cage of the cat. The beast was fastened to a chain twenty-five feet long, the other end of which was made fast to a stake ten feet in front of the cage. Tures hundred and flity men, women, hoys, and girls, and twenty-five dogs sat or stood about the three sides of the pen. The men were all smoking cob pipes, and the women and girls were "dipping" snuff. Piles of coon, possum, fox, wolf, and bear hides were lying about ready to be staked on the owner's favorite in the battle. Old Simpson, who had been so badly defeated over at Black Fork, in the big fight between Old Zeke, Simpson's fighting bear, and Jack Fell's goats, was doorkeeper, and half the pro-ceeds of admission were turned over to him to help him out of his financial depression.

The first battle which took place was between Bill Wheeler's dog Lion and the cat. Lion had fought and won three battles before, and was considered one of the best fighters and generals on the Fork. The old dog car-ried the evidences of hard battles in a dozen

and generals on the Fork. The old dog carried the evidences of hard battles in a dozen long scars and the absence of an ear, and it was certain that he was clear grit.

After all of the bets had been made the little eliding door was pulled aside and the big cat sprang out. He stood a moment looking about and then sprang up and squatted on a shelf or board, which had been fixed against the cage four feet above the ground.

Old Lion was then loosed from the rope with which he had been thed, and then the circus began. The dog slowly and cautiously approached the cage, and had just prepared to spring up at the cat, but before he could make the important and sprang squarely at him. Old Lion dodged, but falled to get entirely clear as the cat swooped down with spread claws and glistoning testh. One paw reached old Lion's foreshoulder and scooped out a handful of hide making a glaring and bloody wound. Filled with pain and rage the old dog whirled and sprang at the cat's throat, but missed again, as the wiry animal sprang clear over him, clawing him on the back as he sailed through the air and again landed on the shelf. The brave old dog lost all pretence at caution, and again crept toward the cat sprang out again before the dog's feet left the ground. This time the cat sprang out again before the dog's feet left the ground. This time the cat

wounds. One of his lips had been torn off in a fight, disclosing a row of long, white and sinry teeth. His lowes are long, but muscular, and his laws set some in his head, while between a pair of ears that looked as if some one had amused himself he enting them into handy shoestrings, set a pair of keen eyes.

"Wat, gossibhane of thet critter be ent the critical-looking it win' thing I ever seed."

"Say, stranger, d youn kall thet a dog?"

"Looks like a cross twat a brush fence an' and itemare.

"The sthay funnies! dog you uns aver seed."

said the old fellow. "He un aint purty, but he un's ess a smill to chan whet kirls teen. He will claw yer ole dog's bones with both eyes sliet.

"The crowd was facelious at the expense of the old fullow and his dog, Juice and antiering through the grass. The kingbirds that he was maker of the field him sand and he give teen the old fullow and his dog, Juice and antiering through the grass. The kingbirds that he was maker of the field him and he give teen the old fullow and his dog, Juice and antiering through the grass. The kingbirds that he was maker of the field him and he give the head and the cold gain to live to edule go."

"Old dute stood a second or two and then quietly ant slowly advanced, keeping his second househed out into the air flow inat ugit, awkward-looking dog got out of the can and antiering through the first seed as a second or two and then an one saw them. I had he did got out of the can an antiering through the first seed to have the feel and his head, and the got of the party had and the feel way the seed for an an antiering through the grass and the feel way the shad and that he and for head of the cold gain to the party had an an an an an an antiering through the grass and the feel way the head and that he had an an an an an antiering through the grass and the feel way the head and that he had an an an an an antiering through the party had an an an an an an an antiering through the party had an an an an an antiering through the party had an an an an an

tack and again the enraged wildcatsprans out with a scream, squarely for the head of the dog. Old Jube had business elsewhere for a second. This time the out had scarcely struck the ground when the dog nipped a neat strip from its side; and as the screaming cat awang around with onen claws, old Jube in some mysterious way had succeeded in getting in the rear of the wildcat and in inficting a cutting snap on one of its legs, leaving a clean cut of three inches in length. The cat had evidently found its match and knew it, as it quickly regained the shelf, where it lay faring at the night dog, which seemed to smile at it in a friendly and patronizing way with the half-onen mouth.

ing at the myly dog, which seemed to smile at it in a friendir and patronising way with the half-oron mouth.

The affair so far had astonished the crowd. They plainly saw that the dog was playing with the cat, that when he had made any of the bites or snaps he could as easily have crushed the cat. They had never seen such a lighter before, and all of them were experienced in this cert of thing.

Thet, you am see, is jee' fun for Jube. He in mitte's well put an end to the foolishness. Now, Jube, kill this time, said the old fellow, in aquiet but inclove tene to the dog as it advanced. Old Jube quietly wagged his tail in acquiescence, but was too sharp to turn his head. This time as the dog approached it was evidents hat he intended to do something besides playful snapping, and as the cat gathered itself and scrang into the air, instead of springing to one sine old Jube gave a short jump forward, and then turning like lightning sprang upon the cat's back before it had fairly touched the ground, and with a flerea snap of his big square jaws broke its neck as though it was a piece of glass. That ended the biggest wildest and dog fight held on Simpson Creek in ten years.

After the fight was over the men and boys crowled around the owner of old Jube. Some of them wanted to buy the lightning fighter, while others asked questions. Finally the old fellow said:

"Hair none my you ups over heer uv ole."

while others asked questions. Finally the old fellow said:

"Hain't none uv you uns ever heera uv ole Grizzle Jake,' the hunter? Thet's me, an' thet's only wun uv my dogs."

"Thet settles it," said a dozen, who had often heard of "Old Grizzle" as the greatest hunter in the Smeky Mountain country. "Course thar was no us't uv eny will cattryin to whip ole Grizzle's dogs. They's a great tween a a panther an' a wolverine."

EURAL SCENES AT CITY DOORS.

What People Might Enjoy If They Would

Within the city's limits is a big patch of wild. blackberries to which any one may go and pick. Near the blackberries is a smaller patch of raspberries that has been permitted to ripen with hardly any molestation. That would be remarkable enough if it were told of the an-nexed district, but the wild berries are on Manhattan Island, in as rustic and wild a place as could be found in the hills around any little country town. The only houses in sight from the bushes are along the Palisades across

the Hudson liver.

The blackberry patch is near 200th street. below and out of sight of the stone building on the top of Fort Washington Ridge, knewn as Tweed's Castle. It is told in the neighborhood that the stone building was puilt by Tweed for a country house, and that his downfall came before it was completed. It stands on one of the narrowest points of the ridge. and has a commanding view of the Hudson River from Nyack Bay down to the Statue of Liberty on the one side, and of the Harlem, the Westchester hills, and Long Island Sound on the other. A drive, known as the Fort Washington Ridge road, is in front of the castle on the Hudson River side, running

along the brow of the ridge.

The grounds of the houses on top of the ridge slope down to the river and the Hudson River Railrond. No houses have been built on that side of the drive for a mile or more. from Fort Washington Point up to Inwood. An old lane ran alongside of the hill, a short out from the Kingsbridge road to the Inwood landing. For vehicles the lane was abandoned years ago, and it is no longer open to riblic travel. The mounted policemen use it i meir rounds, and occasionally a horseman who has learned where it is wanders along it. It starts from the ridge road on top of the rise beyond the James Gordon Bennett place, and curves down the ridge among trees have never been disturbed. North of the old Tweed castle the lane narroy benefit of path so overgrown with bushes and, payable in a horse has to force himself. In the receives a two riders could not go abreat anter for sale

is uncared for, the trees are untrimmed and the underbrush is in full growth. From dog-

is uncared for, the trees are untrimmed and the underbrush is in full growth. From dogwood trees, blooming white in the spring, wisterin vines reach to the pines, cake, and chestnuts. Nearer they alroy die is a big chestnut tree, to which this anyood boys who know about it go in the Mil and club off the chestnuts before the "Set opens the burs to let them ripen and drop on the ground.

The preity spot is less than twenty minutes walk from the end of the cable road, yet not one in ten thousand of the people who go up to Washington and High Bridge on Sundays knows that wild blactheries may be picked on the slope of the ridge about a mile away. The blackberries have hardly been disturbed this year, and they are ripening fast now. The bushes hold pecks and bushels of berries, in which the pink is changing into the black, while the leaves hide them from the sun, so that the horseman does not see them until his steal brushes back the bushes from the path, revealing the ripening clusters.

It shows how little the inhabitants of New York city know little the landstants of New York city know about the small island on which they live, that those berries are allowed to grow and ripen almost within touch of its 2,000,000 inhabitants. The fresh air societies, the children's homes, and the other kindly institutions which take the young and small inhabitants of the east and west sides out to the country to show them what sky and trees and grass and berries are, might make up little excursions right on Manhattan Island, of which two car fairs would cover the expense, and let the children see country as real as can be found anywhere. There is a bend up on the lawood hill known as the Horseshoe, from which a view can be had up the Hudson, beyond Nyack, where the river widens out to a bay, and the houses built up along the hill look like white dots against the green, and down the river to the statue of Liberty and the Jersey City ferries, with the trees and looking a few and the newspaners and berries are on Manhattan Island to e

Adventures of Ajax, the Bell

SCRANTON, July 23 .- A few days before Farmer Alansen Little of Lake township had begun to harvest his hay crop this summer his four-year-old Holstein bull, Ajax. broke into the meadow, ran a short distance through the tall timothy, and started to thrust his horns into a small bunch of thorn bushes. He made the leaves fly as he bellowed and pawed. but no sooner had he begun to do so than a pair of bobolinks darted at him and squalled spitefully. He had upset their nest in the bush, and they gave battle to him to the best of their ability, but he didn't heed their strikes and cries. The buil tore the